

FASHION NOTES FROM WHITE-CHAPEL.

(Delayed in publication.)

DEAR ELIZA,—Whitechapel is beginning to fill up again, and several parties are already back from the hop-picking. One of the first to arrive was Mr. HENRY HAWKINS, whom I saw in the New Cut yesterday, looking very well and brown. He told me that hops have been very plentiful this year, and that his party got several excellent bags.

I also ran across Mr. "BILL" SYKES in the neighbourhood of Bow Street a day or two ago, but we were not able to speak to one another. He was fresh back from a hurried visit to Lady VERE DE VERE's mansion, where he had been inspecting some old silver. You know he has a perfect passion for it. It seems, however, that he was only passing through town, and left that same evening for Pentonville, where he expects to make a protracted stay. By the way, they tell me that hair is being worn rather short there just now.

Saturday last was a very busy day. In the afternoon there were the usual Hampstead Races, which were attended by an exceptionally brilliant crowd. Mr. "PET" HOGGINS tooled down a large party in his smart turn-out, and subsequently his gallant steed carried him to victory in the Hampstead Cup amid scenes of immense enthusiasm. After a *recherché* tea at a neighbouring winkle stall, his whole party hurried back to a delightful *al fresco* dance in Hopper's Court. When I tell you that the music was supplied by Signor BARRELLI ORGANO and the supper arrangements were made by the "Dun Cow," you will understand that the dance was quite one of the successes of the season.

At about this period of the year our husbands and brothers leave us for the Autumn Manœuvres. Rumour says that the Clerkenwell Brigade is unusually strong this year, and has shaped exceedingly well in two or three engagements in the Euston Road. But they will have to be strong indeed if they are to stand up against our stalwart forces from the Mile End Road, who have been completely re-armed this year with a new pattern in buckle belts.

M. GALLOWSKI has just come over, and is staying at his shooting booth not a hundred miles from Epping Forest for the shooting. He has the reputation of being one of the best shots in Russia, and he gave evidence of his skill the other night by bringing down a high glass bottle and a rocketing celluloid ball with a right and left.

"What is SAMUEL SOLOMONS making this year?" is the question one is almost tired of hearing asked by the large and daily increasing number of *élégantes*



"SLEEP, GENTLE SLEEP!"

2 A.M. PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO ATTENDED THE BRASS BAND CONTEST AND FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

who pin their faith to the good taste and modistic knowledge of the *deus ex machina* behind the doors of that temple of fashion, 796, Old Kent Road. As a matter of fact, what SAMUEL SOLOMONS says to-day the world of fashion will say to-morrow, and at present he is saying most decidedly purple with just a splash of orange. He showed me the sweetest little creation in these tones when I visited his *salon* the other day. Pre-eminently graceful is the cut of the *jupe*, which is rather short in front to allow a

tantalising glimpse of dainty *botines*, which, by the way, are now being worn with elastic sides. The semi-fitting coat had a rather deep *basque*, and was adorned with a thousand dainty *fan-freluches* such as mother-o'-pearl buttons. Worn with a Gainsborough hat and a *châle-de-laine* it should look ineffably chic. Yours ever, HARRIET.

"THE BEST WILL IN THE WORLD."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE PEOPLE'S SPORT.

"LUDUM INSOLENTEM LUDERE PERTINAX."

[There seems to be a great opening for a new daily paper which will refuse to report professional football.]

THAT man has surely something wrong inside—

A fractious liver or a frigid heart—

Who in the people's pleasure takes no pride,

But stands in lofty attitudes apart,

Quite unimpressed

By what immediately concerns the general breast.

Myself, whenever, walking down the street,

I ask what moves him most, the Man therein,

I feel my pulses bounding, beat for beat,

In strictest time with those that toil and spin ;

I could not bear

To think that in their joys and griefs I had no share.

On opening nights, among the gallery-folk,

I like to echo every thrill and throb,

To laugh in tune with such as see a joke

And souse my handkerchief with such as sob ;

And, when it's through,

Rise up in god-like wrath and boo with those that boo.

In time of war I maffick with the crowd,

And boast of good old England's fighting breed ;

In peace I play the like, and mock aloud

At cranks that croak about the country's need ;

I take the line

Of Freedom's sons, who, being asked to serve, decline.

And, less from economic motives than

Because my heart goes out to all that mete

Strong wine of words to melt the Average Man,

Being themselves a sort of *plébiscite*,

Over my mess

Of matin porridge, I peruse the *½d.* Press.

But there are limits. I have bravely borne

The shock of cricket jargon, reams on reams,

That spoilt with punctual blast each summer morn,

And now—how petty that infliction seems

Compared with these

Five serried columns stuffed with football pleasantries.

Yet in a hundred scenes, all much the same,

I know that weekly half a million men

(Who never actually played the game)

Hustling like cattle herded in a pen,

Look on and shout

While two-and-twenty hirelings hack a ball about.

I know it ; yet I hardly care at all

Whether the Wolves break up the Throstles' wings,

Or Sheffield Friday gives the Saints a fall,

Or Pompey round the Reds is making rings,

Or in the Spurs,

Once firmly fixed in front, a falling-off occurs.

Against my *Chronicle* I bring no charge ;

It but reflects the proletariat's views,

And I must either mentally enlarge,

Or float a nobler brand of *Daily News*,

And bar its page

To soccer as the social curse that blights the Age.

O. S.

The *Liverpool Courier* states that Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, M.P., has been an Elder of the Trinity Presbyterian Church "for over 302 years." "Elder" seems a comparatively mild term for such a very old non-stager.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER XI.

Conclusion of the Adventure with the Duchess of Bandusia.

"I MUST tell you," said the Rabbit, continuing his story next day, "that the Royal Library, to which I had been despatched, is situated in a remote part of the Palace and is not very easily accessible. It is approached by a maze of passages and intricate staircases, of which the last leads to a broad corridor. At the end of this are two heavy oaken doors side by side. One of these (I was not sure which) is the entrance to the library ; I had no idea whither the other door would take me, though, to be sure, I had heard stories of vaults and dungeons and torture chambers to which possibly it might give access."

"You make me shudder," said the Cat. "If there's to be anything about tortures in this story tell me at once and let me go away. I simply couldn't stand it."

"Rats," said *Rob*.

"Oh, as to rats," said the Cat with some confusion, "that's what they're there for, isn't it? Rats and mice are mere vermin, you know, and I'm bound to say it's extremely bad taste introducing them into H.R.H.'s story. But, of course, some people were born without tact and they never acquire it afterwards."

She sat very stiffly erect as she said this, and assumed a stony distant expression.

"Oh go on," said *Rob* to the Rabbit, "let's have the story. If we listen to her much longer we shall all go wrong in the gear-box."

"As the Duchess and I walked along the corridor," resumed the Rabbit, "we were chatting and laughing in the cheeriest and most unconcerned manner. We were together, and therefore we were happy. The world was before us—"

"I thought you said two oaken doors were before you," snapped the Cat.

"One more interruption of that sort and I stop for good. The world was all before us, for we were young and strong. My recent apprehensions had all vanished, and no cloud seemed to dim our horizon. In this gay spirit we reached the great doors at the end of the corridor. One of these, I noticed, stood slightly ajar, while the other was closed. I tried the closed one first, but it resisted all my efforts :—

"Dearest," said the Duchess, 'it is not likely that the door to the library would be barred and bolted, as that door evidently is. A library is meant for use. Let us rather enter at the door which stands partly open. I am sure that must be the right one.'

"Her words carried conviction to my mind. I pressed my hand against the door ; it yielded readily to my effort, and together we passed through the entrance."

"No sooner had we done so than a cold blast of air beat violently in our faces, and the door, swinging swiftly behind us, closed with a clang and a clash."

"Reminds me of the twopenny tube," said the Cat, who had at one time been something of a traveller.

"At that moment," continued the Rabbit breathlessly, paying no heed to the interruption, "I felt my throat seized in a violent grasp. I heard my beloved companion scream, and all was darkness. How long I lay in unconsciousness I know not. At last I began to come to myself :

"Hang her head from the hook, BILL ; chuck her body on the heap. That's it. Now then, let's make haste with the young 'un."

"These were the first words I heard when my senses had returned to me. I opened my eyes. The dreadful sight I then saw can never be effaced from my memory."

"Of course the Duchess had been killed," said the Cat. "I guessed that all along. You'd been decoyed into the torture chamber by somebody who pretended to be your



CONSULTATIONS INVITED.

MR. PUNCH. "WON'T YOU STEP IN HERE? THERE'S AN OLD LADY WHO'S VERY ANXIOUS TO TELL YOUR FORTUNE."

LORD R-e-d-b-y. "YES, I KNOW. BUT—ER—I NEVER SHOW MY HAND!"



A GENUINE SPORTSWOMAN.

Mrs. Shodditon (to Captain Farrant, on a Cub-hunting morning). "I DO HOPE YOU'LL HAVE GOOD SPORT, AND FIND PLENTY OF FOXES."

Captain Farrant. "HOPE SO. BY THE WAY, HOW IS THAT BEAUTIFUL COLLIE OF YOURS THAT I ADMIRER SO MUCH?"

Mrs. Shodditon. "OH! FANCY! POOR DEAR! OUR KEEPER SHOT IT BY MISTAKE FOR A FOX!"

father—some enemy of yours and the Duchess's it must have been—and the torturers were just going to get to work on you after polishing off the Duchess when you woke up. I'll bet a bowl of milk to a biscuit that's it."

"You're too clever, *Gamp*," said the Rabbit with genuine sadness; "you've guessed right. That's exactly what had happened."

The Cat smirked pleasantly. "I can't help being clever," she said, half to herself. "I was born so, and must take no credit for it."

"But you haven't told us how you got out," said the Labrador indignantly.

"Oh, as to that," said the Rabbit, "it was really quite simple. As I did not appear at lunch the family became alarmed, and messengers were despatched far and wide to seek for me. It was my father who eventually discovered where I was, by means of some of the white feathers that had dropped out of my plumed hat as the Duchess and I went on our way. These served to indicate the direction we had taken. My father arrived only just in time to save me."

"How did he get in at the door which had clanged and clashed?" asked the Cat.

"By opening it with a key," said the Rabbit sharply.

"You didn't suppose he crept through the keyhole, did you?"

"I want to tell you a secret, *Rob*," said the Cat mysteriously, as they moved away from the hutch, "I didn't like to mention it to young *Bunbutter* for fear of exciting him."

"Tell away," said *Rob*. "What is it?"

"Well, the fact is the Duchess wasn't really killed that time in the torture-chamber."

"Nonsense," said *Rob*. "Why, they cut her head off."

"That doesn't matter; and, besides, it wasn't quite cut off."

"You surprise me," said *Rob*. "But how do you know?"

"I ought to know," said the Cat, "because"—here her voice sank to a deep whisper, and she looked round apprehensively—"because I am, or rather I was, the Duchess of *BANDUSIA*!"

"Gracious goodness!" said the Labrador, "you don't say so. Then *Bunbutter* really is a Prince, and you knew it all the time when you told me he was born in the Seven Dials?"

"I'm not talking about *Bunbutter*," said the Cat loftily, "I said I was the Duchess of *BANDUSIA*."

"Yes, I know," said *Rob*. "But I'm wondering who I shall turn out to be."

THE SECRET HISTORY OF YESTERDAY.

BEING THE REVELATIONS OF AN
INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE.

(With grateful acknowledgments to
Mr. Allen Upward.)

No. III.—WHY MR. BALFOUR WEARS
NO BEARD.

[BUT can one wear no beard?—EDITOR.
Why not?—ALLUP DOWNWARD.

How can you wear no beard? You
can wear a beard; you cannot wear no
beard.—EDITOR.

But according to the notice boards
you can "stick no bills."—ALLUP DOWN-
WARD.

Not here, any way. What you mean
is: why Mr. BALFOUR does not wear a
beard."—EDITOR.

Very well then; but this wretched
argument has probably spoilt the story.
—A. D.]

It may not be generally known or
believed that in his youth Mr. BALFOUR
was a hot-headed reader of the news-
papers. Yet so it was. Few men tore
open the *Times* with more energy than
he; none so flung themselves upon the
Standard. He could hardly sleep on
Friday night for thinking of the mor-
row's *Spectator*; while on the eve of
the *Guardian* he was a martyr to drugs.
All this has changed.

But not only was Mr. BALFOUR a
reader of the papers; in those distant
days he was also adventurous and
daring: nothing deterred him. Give
him but the least hint of a perilous
State secret and he was hot upon the
scout.

It was this passion for high politics
that in May in the year 18— took him
posthaste to X—, and as it turned out
was the means of averting a serious
complication.

To entrust a State paper of the highest
importance to a young English politician
is of course a dangerous proceeding,
especially when there are trained detec-
tives to whom the care of such things
is child's play. But the sequel showed
that Mr. BALFOUR was well chosen.

His instructions came to him in an
anonymous summons in cypher, which
a veiled woman, speaking with a marked
Russian accent, flung one night into his
brougham as it sped on its way to the
Opera.

None knew at the time whence or how
came the missive, but with my customary
good fortune I chanced at the moment
to be watching at the theatre doors dis-
guised as a traveller in artificial eyes,
and I saw the whole transaction.

To pursue the woman was, I knew,
idle: she was but a tool, and I already
had the names and addresses of her
employers—some of them of the highest

—in my note-book. But to mark the
effect of the communication upon our
future Premier was far more interesting.

More than interesting, necessary: for
he was young and impetuous, and if
ever a man needed the guiding hand of
the great TOSCHER it was he. And had
I not been engaged by the Government
at ruinous expense to protect this young
Hopeful on any of his wild enterprises?
I would do my duty.

Quickly changing my disguise I pre-
sented myself at the meeting in the
uniform of one of the Montenegrin secret
police, and as such I was accorded every
facility—such is the freemasonry obtain-
ing among the sleuth hounds of the
Powers.

Mr. BALFOUR was visibly excited. He
puffed cigarettes nervously, lighting
them and throwing them away with the
speed of thought. This I have noticed
is always a bad sign. I observed him
closely. His pupils were much dilated,
his mouth twitched, he pulled his beard
continually.

For in those days our Premier, whose
smooth chin is now so famous, wore a
long silky beard slightly inclined to
a chestnut tinge.

To approach him and inquire if he
were not in need of a capable servant,
silent as the grave and faithful as a
spaniel, was the work of an instant.

He told me that he was, having on
hand an enterprise needing all his
resource and cool-headedness.

"When you reach home this evening,
such a man will be there," I said.

He seemed thunderstruck at my con-
fidence. "But I am going home now,"
he added.

"Very well," I said. "The man would
still be there, though you were to fly."

"Nothing," said he, with admirable
and characteristic readiness, "nothing is
farther from my thoughts than to fly."

He left almost immediately, but I was
before him. I changed my clothes with
the rapidity of lightning in my private
cab, in which was always an extensive
wardrobe, prepared for every emergency,
and was in time to welcome the young
diplomatist on his own doorstep.

He had no notion it was I.

We started at daybreak the next morn-
ing and, try as I would on the long
journey, I could not get a sight of the
letter which had projected Mr. BALFOUR
on this course. Either he had destroyed
it, or he guarded it with amazing
dexterity.

No sooner were his eyes closed night
after night than I set to work to extract
the paper from its hiding place among
his trunks or papers. But all in vain.
I could not find it. I had never been
baffled before; I have never been baffled
since.

We took a small lodging near the

Palace, and I gave it out that my master
was a philosopher bent upon the study
of the foundations of belief. It was on
the face a poor story, but it sufficed. I
am never at a loss.

On the third day a stranger heavily
muffled made his way to our rooms.
I showed him in, and thick as was
his shawl, I saw in a moment who it
was, and had only just presence of
mind to refrain from calling him "Your
Majesty."

Mr. BALFOUR received him with perfect
ease and bade me leave the room.

I did so; but you may feel sure got
no farther than the keyhole.

The conversation was carried on wholly
in the language of diplomacy, or now
and then, for greater secrecy, in the
deaf and dumb alphabet, but I missed
nothing.

At last the Illustrious Unknown de-
manded the paper.

"There," said Mr. BALFOUR, and my
heart stood still as I realised that I was
about to penetrate the mystery of its
hiding-place. "There," he said, and
drew it from his beard.

His beard! You could have knocked
me down with a little bit of fluff. Dolt,
ass, poltroon, I called myself, and kicked
myself in my rage. To have been thus
duped!

The stranger took the paper and wept
as he read it. Then he flung himself
upon the potential Premier in an ecstasy
of gratitude.

"You have saved me! You have
saved me!" he cried, on his eloquent
fingers.

How to dispose of the fatal docu-
ment was now the question. To
burn it? But even ashes can tell
tales. After many anxious moments
it was decided to swallow it, and this
the Stranger and my master did in
alternate mouthfuls.

That night we packed up and returned.
Mr. BALFOUR was in the highest spirits.
His embassy had succeeded; he had
averted a great catastrophe. In his
excitement he took my hand. He saw
his error almost at once, but I quickly
spared him any embarrassment by dis-
closing my identity.

"You!" he cried. "O my most excel-
lent TOSCHER, how can I thank you for
your solicitude, your devotion?"

I saw my opportunity and took it, for
the temporary defeat still rankled.

"Promise me," I said, "promise me
you will cut off your beard and never
wear one again."

He was stunned. He reeled under the
shock.

But he promised.

And that is why Mr. BALFOUR wears
no beard.

[ALLUP DOWNWARD means—does not
wear any beard.—EDITOR.]

LOVE GAMES..

[Two suitors for the hand of a well-to-do widow of Guttenburg, New Jersey, are, says the *New York American*, to play a game of cards, the winner of which will marry the lady with her consent.]

The idea of winning a wife as the prize for success in games—the kind of game need not matter—although not exactly “new and original,” since it has occurred in more than one drama, yet has it endless possibilities, and particularly so at the present time, when it is being suggested that the duration of marriages should be limited to a short and stated period.

From the “Football Star of My Soul,”
April 1, 1905.

The final tie of the English Couple Competition was played at the Crystal Palace on Saturday before 50,000 spectators.

Both teams were in excellent condition and most amorously inclined. Sheffield-about-to-be-United, who had been training at Maidenhead, where they had been kept walking hard and reading books picturing the joys of home life, were the favourites, but Nuptial-Notts County offered a stout resistance before being—as they ultimately were—defeated by the narrow margin of one goal.

Both sides were remarkable for their forward play, but of course excellence in this department is not enough to win wives. The winners had, needless to say, the better halves.

At the conclusion of the match the President of the Football Association presented wives to members of the winning team, and expressed his sympathy with the defeated. He added, however, that he was able to offer to the latter one word of consolation—a word which, though it had done duty before, was yet ever new. He was sure that during the ensuing year—for which period the wives won that day would remain the possession of the winning team—he was sure, he said, that the ladies would not forget a courtesy due from time immemorial to the defeated in such contests—the courtesy, namely, of promising to fill the position of sisters to the losing side (*loud applause*).

From the “Daily Bridesmaid,”
April, 1907.

An Australian eleven may be expected in this country next year, provided that there is a sufficient guarantee regarding the quality of the brides to be offered by the M.C.C. to the Australian team in the event of the latter winning the rubber. The committee at Sydney are now considering a number of photographs which have been sent out from England.



QUICK WORK.

Guttermipe. “PLEASE MUVVER WANTS SIXPENCE ON THIS ‘ERE FRYIN’ PAN.”

Pawnbroker. “HALLO! IT’S HOT!”

Guttermipe. “YUB, MUVVER’S JUST COOKED THE SORSHIDGES, AN’ WANTS THE MONEY FOR THE BEER!”

From the “Sporting Married Life,”
May, 1915.

The Battersea Bachelors’ Golf Club held a meeting yesterday, when the annual competition for a lady, offered by herself, took place.

Piquancy was lent to the contest by the fact that the identity of the lady had not been disclosed to competitors. The Secretary, however, as afterwards transpired, had managed to view the prize, and to this circumstance may possibly be attributed the fact that, though a scratch man, he took 253 to go round.

Notwithstanding the play of the

Secretary, however, the competition was very keen, the prize being ultimately won by the popular Captain of the Club, who, it was stated, had not won a wife for ten years. Our representative was afterwards permitted a view of the trophy, whom he describes as most massive and striking, and as likely to add to the effectiveness of any room in which she is placed.

NOTICE TO CANNIBALS.—“A thorough experienced Cook requires cooking.”
Add. in “Southern Daily Echo.”

AN AFTERNOON AT THE ZOO.

IN THE MONKEY HOUSE.

A large Mandrill, having deprived a small monkey of a Gentleman Doll, the offering of a Child Admirer, has retired to a perch with his capture, which he methodically proceeds to undress. As the trousers present unexpected difficulties, he removes them with his teeth, thereby overwhelming himself with sandust, to his own disgusted surprise and the intense delight of the spectators. The Mandrill loses all further interest in the doll, and its remains fall to an inferior monkey, who examines it carefully in the faint hope of pickings.

An Old-fashioned Godfather (to a very modern God-daughter, concerning whom he has awakened to a belated responsibility). Ah well, HERMIONE my dear, you can hardly expect a monkey to appreciate a doll, can you?

Hermione (aged eleven). I always loathed dolls, myself—but it does seem rather a pity that monkeys shouldn't be taught to amuse themselves more sensibly.

Old-fashioned Godf. Oh, I don't know, HERMIONE. They seem to enjoy life fairly well as it is.

Hermione. But what a difference it would make if some of the older ones could only learn Bridge!

A Polite Child (to an importunate Baboon, with whom he has contracted a temporary intimacy). I'm so sorry, Monkey, but I can't give you any more nuts, because this is my last, and I'm saving it for the poor Hippopotamus.

[The Baboon accepts this apology with a weary scepticism.]

IN THE NEW APE HOUSE.

Humphrey (introducing the new Governess to a Chimpanzee). This is JIMMY, Miss Dobson, and he's a very great friend of ours. Really and truly I'm not boasting—but he's been for a ride once in Baby's mail-cart!

[Miss Dobson is duly impressed by the condescension.]

'Erb (to ALF, as they inspect JIMMY's neighbour, who protrudes a cynically twisted mouth at them through the wire netting). Looks a'most yuman, don't he, ALF? Wonder what he's thinking about.

Alf (promptly seizing his opportunity). Why, 'e's thinkin': "If 'ere ain't my brother 'Erb come to see me at last!"

'Erb (as the Chimpanzee suddenly turns his back on them, and scratches his thigh with an almost offensive unconcern). "That ain't no brother o' mine!" 'e's saying. "All my family was more partickler 'bout the comp'ny they kept."

[ALF admits that this is one to 'Erb by knocking his hat over his eyes.]

IN THE LION HOUSE—AT FEEDING TIME.

Dorothy. Mummy, there's such a kind tiger inside that cage!

Mother. Is there, darling?—what is he doing?

Dorothy. Why, he's kissing his dinner instead of eating it!

Vivien (indignantly). Auntie, I do think it's a shame to put up "Beware of Pickpockets" outside the Lion's cage. Does he look as if he would ever do anything so undignified?

IN THE REPTILE HOUSE.

A Person with an inquiring mind (after examining an Electric Eel). I wonder what would 'appen if they was to fry 'im.

Small Child. Farver, will the corkodile come 'ere and let me pat 'is 'ed?

Father. 'E'd soon 'ave yer 'and off if he did, my boy!

Small Child. But, farver, the gazelles didn't 'ave my 'and off!

Another Father (to infant on his shoulder). See, MAUDIE—that's a Puff Adder in there.

Maudie (determined to be pleased with everything). Oh, what a nice ickle one!

Dyey (examining a large Iguana). Well, 'e's a fair corshun, 'e is. I never see the likes of 'im afore!

Mybel. They do 'ave some novelties 'ere, I must say!

IN THE TORTOISE HOUSE.

Governess. Just fancy, HAROLD, that big tortoise there is over a hundred years old!

Harold. Is he? How jolly his birthday cake must look with all those candles on it!

NEAR THE BANDSTAND.

The Old-fashioned Godfather. Like to have a ride on the Elephant, HERMIONE?

Hermione. Thanks—I'm afraid I should find it rather slow—after a motor, you know.

The O. G. Well, shall we go and have some tea?

Hermione. I think I'll wait till I get home, thanks—but I shouldn't mind a strawberry ice and a chocolate éclair, if they've got such a thing.

IN THE RHINOCEROS HOUSE.

Well-preserved Grandfather. I daresay, MILLIE, you'll hardly believe that these beasts were quite common in England in the old days, but it's a fact.

Millie (who goes in for tact). Oh, I quite believe it, Grandfather—but I should hardly have thought you were old enough to remember so long ago as that.

Censorious Matron (on beholding the Rhinoceros for the first time). My! what a awful 'orrid-lookin' beast, to be sure. 'Ere, come along, we ain't got no time to waste over 'im!

[She hurries out.]

A Young Lady (as the great brute opens his mouth and waggles a peaked and purple upper lip at her persuasively). Well, I should think it was scarcely possible for any creature to be more hideous than that!

[She passes on; the pachyderm, who must long ago have abandoned all illusions regarding his personal appearance, seems content with having produced his customary effect.]

AT THE HIPPOPOTAMUS'S POND.

Hermione (gazing languidly down the huge pink cavern, as the Hippopotamus opens her mouth at the Keeper's command). How I should simply hate being that thing's dentist!

[The Keeper, who was about to offer her a biscuit to give the Hippopotamus, decides to reserve the privilege for some child more likely to appreciate it.]

OUTSIDE THE GIRAFFE YARD.

Critical Visitor. Why, they ain't 'ardly got no bodies at all! His Companion (reasonably). What else could you expect, with them necks and legs—they earn't 'ave it all ways!

Dyey. Look at that one, lickin' the top of his door.

Mybel. Well, they 'ave to do some of the cleanin' for themselves.

BY THE BEAR PIT.

A Generous Aunt. Now, JOCK, I'm going to buy just one more bun for the poor bears.

Jock. Couldn't I be a poor bear this time, Auntie?

NEAR THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

Father. Getting near closing time. I think we've seen most of the animals now, eh?

Small Boy. Oh, shan't we have time for any of the Pre-storical ones, Daddy?

The Old-fashioned Godfather (anxiously). Sure you've enjoyed it, HERMIONE? No other place you'd rather have gone to?

Hermione. I think not, thanks. It isn't as if there were any Matinées on to-day, and the Zoo is quite a thing to have seen.



FYNNE-KING

THE RULING PASSION.

Young Squire. "WELL, YOU CAN'T COMPLAIN OF THE WEATHER THIS YEAR. YOU'VE HAD SPLENDID CROPS."

Farmer. "THAT'S TRUE, SIR. THE CROPS BE ALL RIGHT. BUT—THEY'VE TAKEN A TERRIBLE LOT OUT O' THE LAND!"

The O. G. Well, you'll have plenty to tell your Nurse when you get back, won't you?

Hermione. I expect you mean my Maid—it's no good telling her things, she's too much of a goose. Ah, they have sent the motor for me, so you needn't trouble to see me home. Goodbye, and thanks most awfully for taking me. I've enjoyed it immensely—we really must have another afternoon together, some day!

[She is whirled off by the Chauffeur, leaving her Godfather with a growing conviction that the expedition has not been altogether a success.]

F. A.

Police Amenities.

As a result of the BECK scandal, we understand that urgent instructions have been issued to the Force, reminding it that every man, and especially every woman, is guiltless till the contrary has been proved, and among other fresh rules for the encouragement of pleasant relations between the police and presumptive innocents we are gratified to hear that the following Order, of which the grammar has the right official ring, has been recently promulgated:—

When taking females into custody, the helmet should be removed (always supposing that it is still on the head).

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

MELANCHOLY is charming; but it need not be cultivated while we have English cookery.

Be kind to all sentient creatures; you never know when you may need bail.

Neither cause, nor take, offence; but, if you must do one or the other, remember that it is always better to give than to receive.

Have a care for the first step in a love affair; an indiscretion with the *hors d'œuvre* has spoilt many a fine appetite.

There's many an untrue word spoken in earnest.

Beware of applause; it is usually given by someone who wants exercise—or something.

Say what they will in Harley Street, high living and plain thinking remain very popular in the neighbouring Squares.

Even the most dogmatic are not always wrong.

The race would generally be to the swift and the battle to the strong if those who ran horses and arranged the wrestling matches played the game.

It is better to be off with the new love before you are on with the old again.



KINDLY MEANT.

Young Noodle. "OH, DO HAVE ANOTHER SANDWICH, MISS SWAN. YOU HAVE SUCH A LONG WAY TO EAT—I MEAN SUCH A LONG WAY TO GO!"

THE GREAT KNEE-BREECHES QUESTION.

(A Young Blood, in trouble about his legs, soliloquises before his pier-glass.)

WELL now, this is a doosid nuisance, what? . . . S'pose I've got to face the question, now that all the rest of our set have made up their minds . . . *Hate* havin' to make up my mind! It's rotten, simply rotten—I don't mean my mind, but havin' to worry over things like this—I never was so dreadfully worried, except perhaps over the shape of that tie last season, what? . . . Why can't they put it off a little while longer? But no, they're all goin' to wear them next Friday at that supper at the Carlton, and STELLA PARDEDEW's comin' too—wish I hadn't asked her, she *can* be so cuttin',

when she likes . . . I'm sure, if I've measured myself once, I've measured myself fifty times, and I can't make 'em more than ten and three-eighths round the calf. . . . I know she'll ask whether it's three calves or one, when she sees me comin' along . . . rotten joke, too! . . .

Here, let me try once more—where's that tape? . . . No, I don't seem to spring to ten and a-half inches, anyhow, and I walked the whole length of Bond Street this afternoon, what? . . . They don't look so bad in gaiters and ridin'-breeches, or under a motor-coat, and when I'm golfin', too, I can double the thick top ends of my stockings down and make quite a decent show, but these silk things, what! . . . They'll be sayin' somethin' about advertisements for Anti-fat—that rotter BERTIE will, I know, just because his are fifteen inches round. . . .

It's too bad, just as I've thought out a new kind of trouser-crease, and trained my man to do it properly! I was going to show it off to *her*, too, and let her know that I have *some* brains after all! . . . And now they've all decided to follow that rotter HICKS in that rotten Vaudeville piece! . . . Here, I must have a bromide and vermouth—I'm gettin' quite a head with all this worry! I'll never be able to get round to the Hilarity to-night, and I've only three more days of trouserdom, unless— . . . There, I feel better now! . . .

I have it—I've an idea! I'll ask 'em at the Carlton if they've cut their trousers short, and are doin' it on the cheap to save baggy knees, what! . . . That'll tickle 'em up! . . . They may all dress like flunkeys, if they like, but "Protection for the Lower Limbs" shall be my motto, even if I'm in a minority of one, don't you know! . . . Yes, I'll buck up, and we shall see *who* looks distinguished! . . . And STELLA shall see my new crease in spite of everything. . . . Heavens! what a crisis I've been through! And yet they say the age of martyrs is over, what? . . .

[Rings for his Man and Continuations.]

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Oh never, never, surely
Were eyes observed to shine
So softly and demurely
As yours did into mine,
The while you led me, love, to where
In blushing beauty lay a pair
Of fancy slippers wrought in rare
And delicate design.

There, in such hues invested
As tongue hath seldom told,
My four initials rested
Upon a ground of gold;
And frail forgetmenots of blue
A fairy ring around them drew
Of brighter flowers than ever grew
Upon terrestrial mould.

Alas, for love's devotion,
And hope foredoomed to fall!
With undisguised emotion
The sequel I recall;
For in the velvet depths of those
Twin slippers my expansive toes
Could find no haven of repose—
They were a size too small.

In a recent article concerning the influence of influenza in the House of Commons the *Westminster Gazette* dwelt on the great utility of the "aspirating apparatus" in sampling specimens of Bacteria. This same apparatus might probably prove of considerable advantage to those who have high aspirations but are deficient in aspirates. We drop the "h" in giving this 'int.



"THE MAGIC KETTLE."

THE OPERATOR. "GENTLEMEN, NOTWITHSTANDING THE APPARENT FROST, THE KETTLE IS GOING TO BOIL ALL THE SAME."



THE BIRD KING

Published by the Author, 10, St. James's Street, London, W.



IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS.

Deaf Old Gent (to himself). "I'VE NOT HAD A BITE ALL DAY; BUT NOW——"

LINES WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

RACKED by destroying thirst and tearing spasm,
Packed insecurely on a heaving shelf,
Nothing to do but mourn my inner chasm,
And lie and hate myself,—

The sounding rusk too fugitive a diet,
The placid tea a beverage too shy
To stay the vacuum (*will you be quiet?*
Couldn't you even try?)—

Torn by the nauseating "corkscrew motion,"
Groaning anew with every heave and dip,
After three days and nights, I ask you, OCEAN,
Is this a pleasure trip?

Give me a bay as flat as tepid gravy,
A boat to loaf in, and a decent pipe,
And I could almost wish I'd joined the Navy;
I feel I'm just that type.

Give me a pier, and let explosive bandamen
Bray "*Rule, Britannia*" to the twinkling stars,
I think, how petty are the lives of landsmen,
How jovial those of tars!

Let me ascend a cliff where I can smell you,
And watch your wild waves beating down below,
And (oh, good gracious! Woa, oh, woa, I tell you!
Confound it, *will you woa?*)

But now—I came for rest and recreation,
To breathe the ozone and admire the view;
Is *this* refreshment, *this* recuperation?
Go to, I say, go to!

How can I take a pleasure in the scenery,
How can I reap a profit from the brine,
If you start interfering with machinery
As delicate as mine?

Yet there are men whom nothing seems to flummox,
Men that can ride a gale without a care,
Absorb their viands with triumphant stomachs,
And never turn a hair.

I hate them. Their exasperating *bonhomie*
Gives me offence. They have a haughty trick
Of praising their interior economy,
Which stings me to the quick.

Then, OCEAN, hear me. Deeply though I suffer,
Though I have borne enough to drive one mad,
If you could bring them down by getting rougher,
I wish you would, begad.

Their groans would fall upon mine ears like music,
"Twould be the next best thing to being cured
If I could cry, "Ha, ha, my friends, are *you* sick?"
It would, I feel assured.

For "by *another's* anguish," says the poet,
"One pain is lessened." Mine would surely be
Lightened and—(there you go again! Oh, go it!
Oh, go it! Don't mind me!).

DUM-DUM.

FROM THE "STAR" (STOP PRESS NEWS).

The War.

PARIS message says ALEXEIEFF and KUROPATKIN met at Mukden. No further bloodshed is reported.

THE SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE passing of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was a beautiful rounding off of a strenuous life. A fighter in every fibre, never so happy as when with back to the wall he faced overwhelming odds, he died in his sleep.

Say not Good night, but in some brighter clime

Bid me Good morning.

This habit of tussling for the right, combined with occasional utterance of irascible remark, is responsible for the House of Commons tradition that Sir WILLIAM was cantankerous. Some years ago there was current a fable about a dinner-party jointly given by six men. In fantastic mood it was resolved that each should invite the most disagreeable man he knew. When they foregathered at the table it was found that the party consisted of seven. Each of the hosts had asked HARCOURT.

It is true he was impatient with mediocrity, scornful of pretension, even turbulently angry with meanness, baseness, or anything that fell short of his lofty ideal of gentlemanhood. But in the social circle, assuming it to be peopled with desirable persons, he was invariably charming. His long experience of men and affairs, his wide range of reading, his tenacious memory, and his sparkling wit, made him delightful company. Had the spiteful story turned upon the point that each of the hosts was pledged to invite the most popular diner-out of the day, the consequence reported would have been more reasonable.

A masterful Radical leavened by Whig culture, no political fence circumscribed his social relations. He was one of the few men who, after the split in the Liberal Party following on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, preserved intact ancient friendships. There was nothing small about Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, corporeally, intellectually, or morally. "Humour, above all good humour," he privily wrote to one of *Mr. Punch's* young men, "is the salt of life, and you have set the example in applying to politics this excellent antiseptic."

The habit generously extolled Sir WILLIAM instinctively observed in all his relations with life, public or private. Of late years complaint was made that he handicapped his running in debate by the avoirdupois weight of his notes. He certainly wrote out in the seclusion of his study his more important speeches. As his eyesight weakened, the awkwardness of reading his manuscript became more oppressive to the audience. He was aware of the disadvantage, and was ready to defend it. All crations that

have lived through the ages were, he insisted with copious circumstance, prepared in manuscript. He held it to be a just tribute to the dignity and importance of the House of Commons that a man addressing it should give it his very best, prepared without stint of time or toil.

His orations were certainly not written out for lack of ability to deliver extemporaneous speech. He was at his best when some sudden turn of debate called him to his feet. At such times, in sonorous voice, accompanied by gestures elephantine in their force, he with scathing tongue shortly said the right thing in the most perfect phrase. Biographical notices that filled the papers during the week following the Great Commoner's death reiterated the more familiar stories illustrative of his wit and humour in the House of Commons. One escaped the recollection of the chroniclers. It was in the Session of 1893, when, the Home Rule Bill having been shouldered through the Commons, Sir WILLIAM, by dint of much adroitness, managed to carry his Parish Councils Bill. A General Election imminent, leaders on both sides were anxious to show that, in this matter, *Short not Codlin* was the true friend of the agricultural voter. Mr. GOSCHEN, still with us in the Commons, claimed to be the real father of the Bill, since in an earlier Session he had made the first move towards the establishment of Parish Councils. This said, he proceeded to urge the Government to destroy their bantling, by leaving out the essential portion dealing with the Poor Law.

"The House," said Sir WILLIAM, "bearing in mind the judgment of SOLOMON, will perceive who truly is the parent of this Bill. It certainly is not the Right Hon. Gentleman, who more than assents, who actually proposes to cut it in twain."

For thirty years Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT played a prominent part in home politics. He was more than a fighter, though when occasion arose he could swashbuckle it with the best of them. He was a consummate General, as was shown by his carrying of the Parish Councils Bill, and his defeat of the Tithes Bill. He was a master of finance, as testified by the imperishable monument of his Death Duties Budget. He carried into public life and party action the purest creed of honour. He was, as PRINCE ARTHUR said to a friend, talking at a time when almost personal animosity was evoked in discussion on the Education Bill, "the last and one of the greatest of the old school of Parliamentarians."

CLAVAT MOST SUITABLE FOR BRIDEGROOM AT HIS OWN WEDDING.—The Marriage Tie.

A TRAGEDY.

"Ssh! quiet, 'ere 'e comes. I tow'd yer 'e come by this 'ere lonly spot late of a afternoon pretty reg'lar—know'd it from the gard'ner's boy. Git close up under the bit o' wall by me. Is she loaded orl right?"

"Yus! Don't 'e walk slow though?"

"Orl the better fer us, Mate. Steady now; aim careful—wait till 'e gets in range, and mind and cover 'im well."

"Don't 'arf like the job, BILL—"

"Ssh! No names—"

"—and that's the truth; s'posin' someone 's awatchin' of us—maybe there's a keeper about."

"No there ain't, keep cool now or we're done—"

"Look 'ere, Mate! I can't do it, that's truth. I'm not used enough to the job—I'm a-shakin' like a leaf."

"'Ere, giv' it me, yer'll miss 'im sure as fate, then we're dunners!"

"Take it then an' do it—I can't, that's straight."

"And it 'ere quick then. I've got yer, me beauty—jest a little nearer. 'Ullo! wot 's 'e stoppin' for?"

"Think 'e's seen us?"

"Not 'im! Jes look at 'is chain; I 'eard it and 'is watch alone 's worth a mint o' splosh—"

"Ssh! 'E's a comin' on now."

"'Ere goes then! Now or never—"

Click!

"Phew! That's settled 'im anyway. Now all we've got ter do is to lie close fer a arf hour, till it's a bit dusk; then we can 'ook out o' hidin' safe, and see wot we've got. Wouldn't do to move yet, might be someone lurkin' about the preserves, an' if we was spotted now it ud more than like mean trouble for us."

"Got 'is chain?"

"Yus, got that orl right, an' 'is stick too, with the gold top on 't."

"Steady with 'is 'ead now—large size, ain't it? It was a good shot, though I didn't arf like the job, but *you'd* never a done it."

"No, I couldn't a done it, and that's truth."

"Anyway it's over now, and it's the best bit o' work we done for many a day."

"Or the worst. S'posin' someone 'as seen us uddled up be'ind the wall on privit ground?"

"Well, no one didn't, I'll take me Alfred David on that. It was a good shot though, and it took 'im jus right. Any'ow it's done now, and 'e's come out a treat."

"And now we've developed 'im we've on'y got to print 'im orf, and take 'im to the Club. And if we don't knife the prize for bein' the first to snap the American millionaire wot objects to 'avin' 'is phiz took—well!"



THE CHARM OF PROSPERO.

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CALIBAN FINDS IT IMPOSSIBLE TO BREAK AWAY FROM THE SPELL OF THE RIGHT HON. PROSPERO BALFOUR.

THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL.

BY LADY LAVINIA LARKSPUR.

(With acknowledgments to the Ladies' Papers.)

Despair.—You certainly don't sound attractive if your description is accurate, and I can only recommend you to get a new face altogether. Madame ELISE, of 172, Hanover Square, will do this for you; a thorough steaming, a touch of electricity and a course of "Jabberwocky Face Food" (7s. 6d. per bottle) will work wonders. As to the enlarged toe-joint, paint thoroughly with three coats of "Red Oxide," and varnish with best "Copal." When quite dry, use Dr. KURALPAYNE's special plated toe-saw, and I don't think the toe will bother you again. So glad you like my advice; let me hear from you again.

La Duchesse.—The Beauty Outfit you speak of will cost you 9 guineas, but it will last some time. This is the way to use the preparations. Take a pint of rain-water and carefully remove the blacks. When tepid pour it over a sachet into a basin containing twenty drops of "Crème de Joie." Now wash in the ordinary way, and instead of using a towel polish the face and neck with a chamois leather sprinkled with "Poudre d'Hiver." You will find all this fully described in Madame PAMELA SMYTHE's little brochure "The Complete Complexion," which she will give you with much pleasure if you write to her and enclose 15s. 9d. Please say you are a correspondent of mine, as otherwise she will charge you 16s.

Fluffy.—I think it is very probable

that you were bitten by something, and that the sub-cutaneous tissues want feeding up. Have you ever tried "Green's Greaseless Gloss" for your scalp (17s. 6d. per bottle)? This would, I am sure, stop the shedding of epithelium which you find so irritating. Let your maid make as many partings in your hair as possible on alternate nights every other week, and into every second parting let her rub in with a piece of fine canvas (or emery paper) Dr. DANDRIF's "White Wax Benzocated Hair Nourisher" (19s. 6d. per bottle). At the end of a fortnight the hair must be washed with Madame ALICE SADLEIR's "Eau de Nil Poudre," which costs (with the proper brush to apply it) only 22s. 6d. per bottle. Your letters are always delightful, and no trouble at all.

ESSAYS IN UNCTION.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Harold Begbie).

I.—LONDON'S PILGRIM HEROES.

THE days of pilgrimage are past and over. No more, urged by an irresistible impulse, do noble and simple, from the stately halls of England, from the sweet Surrey home-steads, fare forth to the Holy Land, to shrive their souls and win salvation. Yet the pilgrim spirit is still with us. Only cultivate the seeing eye and you shall discover in our very midst, in the heart of this dear old eternal city of ours, lineal descendants of the gallant wights who, on horse or on foot, in coat of mail or simple jerkin, rode and marched across Europe to rescue Jerusalem from the sway of MAHOUD.

I know it is the fashion to be cynical, to sneer at enthusiasm, but what have the cynics done for this beloved England of ours? Was it cynicism that enabled OLIVER LODGE—that paladin of modern science—or J. J. THOMSON, the modern ANCHIMEDES as I have called him elsewhere, to climb to the dizzy pinnacle of fame on which they now stand transfigured? Let us have no more of this degrading convention. Better a thousand times be effusive in fulfilment of the sacred duty of panegyric than allow your attitude towards your brother man to be governed by the sinister and paralysing watchword of *nil admirari*.

Come with me, then, gentle and tender-hearted reader, on this golden autumn morning, and I will show you a sight that will grip your heart-strings and blur your keen vision with the divine dew of sympathy. Come with me down Oxford Street or along the Embankment and you shall see them, the pilgrim heroes of London, "ever delicately marching through the pellucid air," imprisoned like Chinese prisoners in the cumbrous apparatus which is the livery of their despised calling, yet by their splendid patience, their superb resignation, their matchless devotion to duty, preaching more eloquently against the materialism of the age than the deans and chapters of all the cathedrals within the four seas!

Hitherto, in the arrogance of your class prejudice, you have regarded them simply as the submissive instruments of a crass utilitarianism, the helots of commerce, the galley-slaves of *réclame*. O the wonder and the pity of this London of ours, where unobtrusive worth, in spite of the indomitable enterprise of the Press, is still occasionally able to escape recognition and to baffle the trumpet-toned searcher after truth, beauty, and goodness! You, gentle reader—for I know you are gentle by the kindling light in your humid eye and the tremulous quivering of your pendulous nether lip—have lived all these years in the belief that these "sandwichmen"—to use the brutal and ferocious word that almost blisters my tongue when I write it—were merely human refuse from the lowest dregs of the residuum, whose sole qualifications for employment were the power of locomotion and the ability to bear a burden. You thought so, but you were wrong. The life of reflection and contemplation is infinitely superior to the life of action, and the opportunities for pure and uninterrupted thought afforded to the Pilgrim Heroes of London are at least equal to those enjoyed by the dons of Magdalen, the monks of Athos, or the beatific Burials of the Lop-nor. Look at yonder old man with the Michelangelesque profile and the brow of a Yogi! What though his bowler hat be shamefully battered, his throat innocent of collar or of tie, and his broken boots lamentably inadequate to cope with the slush of the gutter in which he habitually trudges, that man—mark you, I speak of what I know—is steeped in the spirit of ascetic resignation which supported SIMON STYLITES on his pillar. That quiet-faced soldierly-looking man a few yards in front of him, had fortune so willed it, might have achieved eminence either at the Bar or in the stricken field. Dress him in a well-fitting frock-coat and silk hat, with a slender umbrella and a gold-tipped cigarette, and he would hold his own in the very

mid-current of fashion. But the fascination of the meditative life was irresistible, and he too joined the band of obscure but ineffably contented pilgrims who, "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," indifferent to the raucous challenge of the police, the cruel taunts of the omnibus driver, the jeers of the *gamin*, and the reckless accusations of the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, pace onward, unhasting, unresting, at once the most lovable and perplexing figures in this amazingly juicy old world of ours.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

[In the *Cornhill Magazine* Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK has been discussing the relative expenses of English and German households, and explains how the German *Hausfrau* contrives to live more cheaply by economising in food, furniture and dress.]

O, WHY did I marry my DOLLY?

Just look at the quarterly bills

From butchers and bakers and mantua-makers

And vendors of feminine frills!

Her wildly extravagant folly

All reason refuses to learn—

O, why am I fated to find myself mated

With such an expensive concern?

NOW GRISEL, I hear, is as saving

As DOLLY is just the reverse;

She's thrifty and prudent, a diligent student

Of all that pertains to the purse;

She's blessed with a positive craving

For shrewd economical plans;

No tradesman can beat her, no milliner cheat her—

O, what would I give to be HANS!

Still DOLLY has points in her favour,

Mere justice compels me to state:

I like to be able to dine at a table

That glitters with plenty of plate.

I bar a conglomerate flavour

Of sausage and chicken and pork—

I loathe eating dishes of flesh, fowl, and fishes

With one and the same knife and fork.

Then GRISEL's bare chambers distress me;

Her dingy black stove makes me sigh

For the fire that burns ruddy and bright in my study

As soon as the summer is by;

Linoleums always depress me;

I crave to be cosy and snug,

And long for a sight of the Turkish delight

Of my own most particular rug.

I can't—to be perfectly candid—

Bear GRISEL in evening costume:

With her sad flannel blouses I find that she rouses

A sense of ineffable gloom;

Her woollen stuff frocks may be branded

As shoddy, and—dare I confess?—

I miss all the traces of chiffons and laces

That ought to be part of a dress.

When duns are incessantly calling,

When balances fly like a dream,

When credit is dying, I find myself sighing

For GRISEL's close-handed régime.

Still, her feet look a trifle appalling

In coarse clumping boots—do they not?—

And when she has got on her gloves of white cotton

I vow that economy's rot.

Self-depreciation.

From the *Daily Mail*:—"If you want News, you will find it in to-morrow's *Weekly Dispatch*."

CHARIVARIA.

CHINA was greatly relieved to learn from the *Européen*, last week, that Russia and Japan are merely fighting with the object of deciding which of them is to have the pleasure of restoring Manchuria to her.

The outspoken criticism of the appointment of the aged General GRIPENBERG has not been without effect upon the Czar, and we have it on good authority that, as a remedy, the CZAREVITCH, as soon as he is short-coated, will receive a command of even greater importance.

The garrison at Port Arthur is now reduced to slaughtering thirty donkeys a day for fresh meat. Admiral ALEXEIEFF must be glad he did not stay there.

With reference to the visit which the King of SERBIA will shortly pay to Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria, it is announced that King PETER will go *incognito*, and not as the powerful head of a powerful nation.

The allegation in the *National Review* that the British workman is drunken, lazy, unthrifty, improvident, foul-mouthed, and untruthful has been denied by the men's leaders, and it is thought that many of the men will give up subscribing to Mr. MAXSE'S organ.

Dr. CLIFFORD has been protesting against the heavy costs in connection with distraints for small sums, which he calls outrageous. But surely the greater the injustice, the greater the Martyr?

The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A., is now editing *The Young Man*—a paper which has for its object the inculcation of modesty and other desirable qualities into the rising generation. The new Editor is offering as an unique attraction to subscribers a platinotype photo of the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.

We believe we are right in saying that, with the exception, perhaps, of Miss MARIE STUDBOLME, no one of our English Beauties has been photographed so many times as the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL.

Mr. and Mrs. HARRY LEHR's banquet to dogs, as to the success of which so much

anxiety was felt in the New York Smart Set, has taken place, and proved to be one of the most brilliant functions of the season. Last year, it will be remembered, Mr. and Mrs. LEHR gave a Monkey Dinner, but this year it was decided to have something quite different to the ordinary social function.

Those critics who pronounced *The Golden Light* a failure are looking rather

a result, there is now a widespread feeling of insecurity among our officers, who point out that, if they are to be responsible for their mistakes, a substantial increase in their pay will become necessary.

There are signs that motorists are growing tired of killing their own species. A French motorist ran into a circus last week, and killed a tiger.



ANOTHER PRODIGY.

Proud Sister. "Now, GEORGE, LET 'EM 'EAR YER SING 'BILL BAILEY.'"

foolish to-day. All the emotional frocks which Mrs. BROWN POTTER wore in the piece have found purchasers.

With a view to overcoming the reluctance of many to enter workhouses, it is proposed that the names of these institutions shall be changed to "Homes for the Poor." The word "work" is said to frighten many persons who would otherwise become inmates.

A man having been wrongfully arrested as a military deserter, the Army Council announces that the officer responsible for the blunder will give compensation. As

The durability of the new pattern of London Road Car Motor Omnibus has been satisfactorily tested. One of these vehicles has been driven right through a fruiterer's shop, and though the whole of the shop front was carried away the car itself received practically no damage, and the owners are no doubt entitled to a non-stop prize.

A bear in a motor-car attracted much attention in the City last week. It had four legs this time.

Great disappointment was caused by the announcement that the St. Louis air-ship race would not be held, owing to the want of entries. Many persons were of the opinion that it should have taken place none the less.

Thirty-five Rhodes scholars, described as the pick of the American Universities, have arrived in England, and an alarmist report is afloat to the effect that America is now relapsing into barbarism.

The Corporation has resolved not to abolish the office of City Marshal. It is even rumoured that he is to have an assistant, who is to be known as the City Snelgrove.

By-the-by, talking of civic reforms, it seems to us that, seeing the admirable characters which the more recent Lord Mayors have borne, the Mayor's police escort might now very well be done away with.

A PREDICTION.—The occupation of the Special Black and White Artist as a necessary element in war correspondence will soon be gone. He will be superseded on the battlefield by the Snap-shooter. The corps of Snap-shooters will advance to the inspiring strain of "The March of the Camera Men."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



["Bradshaw's Railway Guide is in future to be much simpler. Even a child may understand it."]

Daily Paper.]

Baby. "DEAR ME! NO TRAIN FOR TWO HOURS! HORRID NUISANCE! NURSE WILL THINK I'M LOST!"

It is years since Mr. Punch published a special puzzle page arranged on the model of one in *Bradshaw's Guide*. *Bradshaw* the evergreen and ever knowing has brought out, dated for this October, a "new, revised, and improved edition," with "Key to arrangement and place," with "Index to Principal Railways," and with "Pears' Blank Pages for Memoranda," which last are intended for complaints and queries to be noted and posted by the puzzled purchaser to the polite proprietors. "Excellent!" quoth the Baron, "*Bradshaw*, with all thy faults I love thee still!" So with a few minutes to spare, *et pour mettre l'affaire en train*, the Baron sets himself to catch the Guide of all the Trippers tripping. At haphazard he selects "*Ramsgate (Harbour)* (Pop. 27,693)." Pretty full this for only a harbour. Here is the information:—"Via Chatham from Victoria, Holborn Viaduct, or St. Paul's, S. E. & C. 5.10 aft." Now undoubtedly there is a "5.10 aft." According to *Bradshaw* the intending traveller can start by this train at this hour from Victoria, Viaduct, or St. Paul's. This single train then starts from three different stations at the same time! Possible of course, because the three could meet and unite at, say, Herne Hill. "*Tria juncta in uno*." But as a matter of fact they don't do anything of the sort. This "5.10 aft." does not start from Victoria, and any traveller acting upon this particular information, and arriving at Victoria in order to catch the 5.10 to Ramsgate, will find himself the victim of one of *Bradshaw's* excellent practical jokes. Again, as the Baron might wish to visit Oban, he would like to know by which line he can most easily and most speedily reach his destination. So, having his finger now on some very clearly printed and well-arranged tables in the book, headed "*Routes from London*," he searches for the initial letter "O." But, in this very select portion of the Guide, *Bradshaw* has determined that "O" shall be only represented by Oldham and Oxford. O why should Oban, which is for rail, river, lake and sea a central point, with its mild climate, be, so to speak, left out in the cold, while Oldham and Oxford are comfortably bedded in among the Routes? An explanation is owed us. The maps illustrating the different lines, being well placed and legibly printed, are a most serviceable addition to a work which is bound (in red, and looking very smart) to have the largest circulation in the three kingdoms.

There is a famous passage in one of *DISRAELI'S* novels wherein, passing in rapid review the capitals of Europe, he shows how a Jew is everywhere found in dominant position. The accomplishment of an analogous task with intent to establish the supremacy of Irishmen would be easy, the aggregate result more imposing, since the United States would come into view. My Baronite notes that in the case of both nationalities, transplantation is an essential condition of successful growth. We don't hear of *ROTHSCHILD'S* in Jericho, or of millionaire Irishmen in Galway. Fifty-two years ago *JUSTIN MCCARTHY* was transplanted from Cork to London, and by sheer merit, unassisted by even desirable touch of pushfulness, has since done very well. Now, spending the autumn of his days in a Kentish watering-place, resting [but] still working, he puts

forth *The Story of an Irishman* (*CHATTO AND WINDUS*). The story, being his own, is told with characteristic modesty. The young Irish reporter settling first in Liverpool, drifting to London, sojourning for a while in the United States, steadily got on till, as a man of letters, he won world-wide renown. Genuinely surprised that such things should be, he more than hints it is all due to the exceeding, inexplicable, undeserved kindness of men in both hemispheres. His range of acquaintance and friendship, reaching back half a century, is picturesquely diversified. He knew *KENEALY* when he was a turbulent young barrister in Cork. He has spoken with *SMITH O'BRIEN*, and was acquainted with *JOHN MITCHELL*. He stayed with *BRYANT* in his home, and wrote for *HORACE GREELEY* when he was still making the *New York Tribune*. As Editor of the defunct *Morning Star* he was on intimate terms with *JOHN BRIGHT*. At Chester he more than once saw *WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE* "in red jacket and hunting-cap, mounted on a horse he knew so well how to ride, going to or returning from some sporting expedition"—probably, though Mr. *MCCARTHY* does not mention it, humming his favourite song, "*Camptown Races*." In the House of Commons, from the Press Gallery to begin with, seated below the Gangway, Leader of the Irish National Party by way of finish, Mr. *MCCARTHY* came in contact with the principal men who have been making history during the last thirty years. About this rich and rare experience he pleasantly chats through 400 pages, unconsciously revealing a nature and a tendency of mind almost provoking in their impregnable serenity.

A work such as that which Mr. *EDWARD DILLON* has completed requires the collaboration of a sympathetic publisher and a first-class printing establishment. *Porcelain* has found this combination in Messrs. *METHUEN*. The portly volume continuing the *Connoisseur's Library* is beautifully printed in black letter on broad-margined rough white paper. My Baronite knows nothing of the porcelain art on which Mr. *DILLON* lovingly and learnedly discourses. But the illustrations, most of them in colours, are things of beauty, joys for ever. For the most part they have been taken from prized specimens in national collections. But the author has been further privileged to reproduce examples of the porcelain in the possession of millionaire collectors, including Mr. *PIERFONT MORGAN*, who does not—at least did not when the selection was made—seem to have anything touching, however remotely, upon the interesting personality of the Archbishop of *CANTERBURY*. Few of us could hope to possess a stray specimen of this lost art. Here in form and colour they are reproduced with ravishing effect.

If doughty deeds my readers please, then will they thoroughly enjoy Mr. *H. RIDER HAGGARD'S* stirring romance entitled *The Brethren* (*CASSELL & Co.*). Its sole fault is its length, of which maybe the majority, enthralled by the cinematographic pictures crowded with battles, duels, assassinations, murders, hairbreadth escapes of heroic knights and high-born ladies, will not complain. Almost to the very end the solution of the puzzle which the author has set himself to work out remains unsolved; and there are surprises up to the last. The title, the Baron is of opinion, is misleading; for surely *The Brethren* indicates a band of brothers: whereas these leaders of men to whom the term applies are twins. *The Brothers* would have been correct, or *The Twin Brethren*.

